
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1817.

MISS LINWOOD.

THIS lady is of a respectable family, who, for some ages, resided in Northamptonshire: she was born in Warwickshire; and has, from her infancy, dwelt with her mother, the proprietor of an eminent ladies' boarding-school in Leicestershire, which she conducted for three succeeding generations with great credit. Since her decease, Miss Linwood has continued the same approved establishment principally for the benefit of a family of orphan nieces; and this praise-worthy conduct, her numerous charities to the poor, and the general benevolence of her disposition, have procured her the respect and esteem of the chief inhabitants of that town and neighbourhood.

Independent of the reputation Miss Linwood has acquired by her matchless works of art, she is distinguished by strong intellectual powers, unaffected manners, and correct conduct; and may very fairly be said to be the boast and ornament of her sex.

Miss Linwood confirms the truth of the assertion, that most of those who have excelled in any art or science, receive the bent, or inclination, of their minds from accidental or trifling circumstances. In the year 1782, a friend sent

her a large collection of engravings, in the various stiles of stroke, mezzotinto, &c. which were left with no other view than that of affording her a few days' amusement. Inspecting them with the eye of genius, she conceived that the force of engraving might be united with the softness of mezzotinto; and unacquainted with the use of aqua-fortis in etching, a stranger to the mode of scraping in mezzotinto, and totally ignorant of the art of engraving in stroke, she had no instrument but her needle wherewith to make the experiment; and with that she endeavoured to realize her first idea by copying such prints as struck her attention with rovings of black and puce coloured silk upon white sarsnet; and succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations.

The applause bestowed on her first performances, induced her to make copies of a larger size; and one of these was presented as a specimen to the Empress of Russia, in October, 1783, by General Landskoy; her Imperial Majesty expressed the highest admiration of the performance, said it was an exquisite work, and in that branch of art unquestionably the finest in the world. The death of the General prevented the artist from receiving the reward due to her ingenuity; but the picture holds the station it deserves, and is conspicuously placed in the Emperor's palace.

Miss Linwood's first attempt to imitate paintings was in the year 1785; and she so far succeeded, that in 1786 she submitted to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. the St. Peter, from Guido; the Head of Lear, from Sir Joshua Reynolds; and a Hare, from the Houghton collection. For this the society voted her a medal, on which is engraved, between two branches of laurel, "Excellent Imitations of Pictures in Needle-Work."

From that period to 1789, she made great additions to her collection, and in that year copied the Salvator Mundi, from a picture by Guido, in the collection of the Earl of Exeter, for which admirable production, it is said, she was once offered the immense sum of three thousand guineas.

Miss Linwood had the honour of presenting the united

corps of cavalry and yeomanry of Leicestershire with the first banner that was offered to any association during the late revolutionary war: it was wrought from a well-conceived composition of her own, and finished with a neatness that is rarely united with so much force.

Miss Linwood's skill is the more extraordinary, as it is confidently said, that she never received any regular instructions in drawing; she, however, has uncommon merit in painting, in crayons, distemper, and colours; draws with accuracy, taste, and spirit; and in her paintings at the Leicester ball-rooms, &c. the perspective was accurately correct.

The law of the Royal Academy, which rejects copies of all kinds, and every thing wrought by the needle, obliged Miss Linwood to make a separate exhibition of her works; but, though contrary to the rules of that institution to exhibit them in their rooms, the President of the Royal Academy at the time, his successor since, and indeed almost every other artist of eminence in the kingdom, including the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, have expressed their high approbation of her works; the latter even pointed out which of his own pictures would have the best effect in her worsted copies.

Miss Linwood's admirable collection has since been greatly increased and enriched; among the most striking of these pieces, we notice, *The Woodman in a Storm*; *The Shepherd's Boy*, from the late inimitable Gainsborough, as well as by Lady Jane Grey; Ephraim and Manasseh, from Northcote.

The first year of Miss Linwood's exhibition in Hanover-square was attended by 40,000 visitors; and with a proportionate number in the following years. It was afterwards removed, with extraordinary success, to Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Dublin. There is now a permanent exhibition of her works in the metropolis, in a large and elegant suite of rooms, built on purpose, in Leicester-square.

The great praise of Miss Linwood is, that she has revived and brought to a perfection hitherto unknown, an art that

gave rise to painting; was nearly lost among the fair sex; and that, in her hands, has been rendered a formidable rival of the pencil, giving to the picture an inconceivable splendour, richness, and magnificence of effect; and making all former attempts appear mean and insignificant. In the first rude samplers, we see the Lord's Prayer, or the Ten Commandments, surmounted by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, or Daniel in the Den of Lions, which, in massy Gothic frames, were wont to decorate the walls of our ancient castles. Among the first curious pieces of needle-work wrought in England, were a suit of chair-bottoms, worked by, and under the direction of Queen Mary, consisting of some heavy trophies in honour of her husband. In the beginning of the present reign, the wife of Worlidge, the painter, copied some prints in needle-work, which, though dry and feeble, excited considerable attention. About thirty-eight years ago, several orphan daughters of clergymen, patronized and protected by her Majesty, under the direction of Mrs. Wright, wrought in needle-work some bed-furniture, and other pieces, which were executed with singular taste and elegance. This establishment is still continued. Her Majesty allows £.500 per annum for the education of five orphan daughters of clergymen. From the many names that might be added, we select Mrs. Knowles, widow of the late Dr. Knowles, the quaker, whose fruit-pieces had quite the appearance of nature.

But nothing, of either ancient or modern date, will bear any comparison with Miss Linwood's performances; who has pre-eminently distinguished herself by producing an entire collection of works, which, from its magnitude and excellence, surpasses every former effort; and is a monument of genius, industry, and perseverance, that ought, if it does not, eternize her name.

THE BATTUECAS;

A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

(Continued from page 142.)

THE next morning Don Pedro informed me, that he should give himself the pleasure of conducting me to see Donna Bianca's fine collection of pictures; that she had received notice of it, and expected us. It will be a new enjoyment to us, added Don Pedro; and I shall be gratified in witnessing the impression that this superb cabinet, and these *chef-d'œuvre* of painting will make upon you. I was too uneasy to answer; and immediately accompanied him. The magnificent mansion of Donna Bianca being in our street, we arrived there in a few minutes. After having crossed several antichambers, we entered a charming cabinet; where we were told that Donna Bianca would come to us. This cabinet, said Don Pedro, is entirely filled with the works of Donna Bianca; all these pictures of flowers are painted by her. At these words, I advanced, and was enchanted with these beautiful paintings. What freshness! said I, what truth! what illusion! See if the real flowers placed upon this table have more lustre and beauty!—Don Pedro smiled. The flowers, said he, which are in these vases, are also illusions, produced by Donna Bianca; touch them. I obeyed, and was extremely surprised; I had never seen artificial flowers. O! enchanting magic of art and genius, cried I, to what a rank can you elevate a human creature! Yes; I congratulate myself on not having been familiarized

in my infancy with all these prodigies, and in being able to admire them with all the astonishment and enthusiasm that they must inspire. Return to this side, resumed Don Pedro; you will see an interesting portrait; it is the only picture in this room which is not Donna Bianca's; for she paints nothing but flowers. At these words, I felt a painful sensation; I immediately expected to be shewn the portrait of the adored husband, for whom Donna Bianca was weeping; but I lost this idea on casting my eyes upon this picture, which represented a man of about sixty years of age. This interesting and majestic figure, said I, is doubtless that of Donna Bianca's father?—No; it is the husband's likeness whom she mourns.—Her husband!—Yes; he was fifty-five years of age when Donna Bianca, handsome as you see her, at seventeen years of age, preferred him to the most distinguished young men at court. So that her tears do not flow from love; no, esteem, admiration, and gratitude, determined her choice. She has never been affected by the tender passion. These words, *she has never been affected by the tender passion*, were engraved in my heart, diffused a senseless joy, and effaced from my imagination every other idea. Donna Bianca, resumed Don Pedro, was an orphan from her cradle, and educated by her uncle, who became her guardian, and gave her every possible instruction. This guardian, by his paternal care, his understanding, his virtue, and the glory he had acquired as a soldier and a statesman, inspired his ward with the most affectionate veneration and profound attachment. When Donna Bianca had attained her seventeenth year, her guardian pressed her to choose from among those who aspired to her alliance. At the same time, he informed her, that he would secure his whole fortune to her by a marriage contract; and for answer, Donna Bianca presented him her hand. How vexed, how delighted, I was by this explanation, which made me acquainted with the angelic soul of Donna Bianca; and, I secretly repeated, she loved not him for whom she weeps; so that the remembrance of him cannot oppose a stronger regard. In half-an-hour, Donna Bianca appeared;

she blushed at seeing me; at this moment, our eyes met, and I forgot my fears, my remorse, and the valley; I was so happy, that it was impossible for a single afflicting thought to disturb me. We passed to another room filled with historical pictures, whose beauty was lost upon me; as they were not from the hand of Donna Bianca. All appeared cold compared with her performances; and besides an unconquerable abstraction prevented my giving the slightest attention to things which had no relation to her. In three quarters of an hour, a domestic came, to inform Don Pedro that the gentleman to whom he had given a meeting, was waiting for him at his house. As there was another room to see, Don Pedro said to Donna Bianca, laughing, that he should confide his office of Mentor to her; and that when I had seen every thing, being but a few paces from his house, I could easily return to it without a guide. Don Pedro left us. When I was alone with Donna Bianca, I felt emotions impossible to describe; it seemed as if this *tête-à-tête* was to decide my fate, and fix my future destiny. I trembled; and supported myself on the back of a chair. What is the matter with you? said she, in a faltering voice. If you do not see it, answered I, you will never know! How should I be able to inform you? no human language can express it. At these words, I saw Donna Bianca start. Let us sit down, said she. Ah! cried I, falling into an arm-chair, what a tumult does the admiration you inspire me with occasion! What successive and rapid impulses of joy, fear, and sorrow, it excites! what a gleam of happiness! what a dazzling light! what frightful clouds! It is a storm which will not soon subside, and will only terminate with my existence.

Placid, resumed Donna Bianca, you are ignorant of our customs, manners, and decorum; and even of the force of the expressions you use. I excuse you; but must not listen to such language; let us change the conversation. The tone of her voice softened the severity of her words; but I feared her displeasure. I covered my eyes with my hands; and made no answer. After a long silence, Placid, said

she, I am not angry; break this mournful silence.—You forbid me to speak of yourself; what can I say?—Can you not talk of the sciences that you so much admire.—Yes, because you excell in them.—And poetry, which you cultivate, and of which you speak so well? I am very desirous of hearing some verses which you composed; I am sure they are full of originality. These words perplexed me much: I mortally dreaded lest Donna Bianca should ask for the stanzas that I had written for Inès, and refused to sing the evening preceding. She knew my thoughts by the expression of my countenance, and wishing to avoid any absurdity, and recall me to myself, Listen, said she, let us make a bargain. I will sing you an admirable piece of poetry which I have set to music; and afterwards you shall do me the favour I attach so much importance to, by reciting the lines to the object of your choice; provided they are your's, they will strongly interest me. She rose, and placed herself at a piano some paces from me. The poetry that I am going to sing, said she, is from an anonymous author, a poet full of genius, and yet unknown to the world. All his poems are religious, and of the most elevated kind; I prefer them to all that I know; there is a sublimity of thought, an originality of expression, a grandeur in them which captivates me; and the ode that I have chosen appears to me the *chef-d'œuvre* of this beautiful collection.

Happy poet! said I, sighing.—Yes, resumed Donna Bianca; it is a real happiness to have received from heaven such sublime gifts, and to make so noble a use of them! In the piece you are going to hear, continued she, it is the poet himself who expresses his feelings—Seated upon a rock, in a desolate and solitary abode, he sings to the rising sun, the beauty of nature, and the blessings of the Creator. At these words, I recollected that I also had composed an ode on the same subject; and shall sigh in thinking that it is doubtless much inferior to that which has been so greatly admired. Donna Bianca, after having preluded an instant, sounded the tones of her enchanting voice.—I listen with a surprise that every word increases—I discover it to be the

ode that I had composed!—My blood boils in my veins: what I feel so much surpasses every idea of glory and happiness that I had conceived, that I fear lest I should be deceived by a dream, an illusion! With my mouth half opened, my eyes fixed upon her, scarcely breathing, I remain motionless, enraptured at the inconceivable charm of hearing her divine voice express my thoughts, and even mingling them with her's, by giving to them the affecting melody that she produces. This agreement of our sentiments appeared to me to be the most intimate union of our souls. In fine, in the middle of the sixth stanza, being no longer able to contain my feelings, I fall at her feet, and declare myself the author of this piece.—Great God! she exclaims, are you this unknown poet? Ah! I might have guessed it. I recite the rest of the ode; and tell her, I conjecture that father Isidore, to whom I had given these poems, had printed them during his last journey to Madrid. Whilst I was speaking, Donna Bianca, affected and trembling, heard me in silence; and I saw her tears trickle down her face. O! supreme felicity! cried I, what! do I find you still more affecting than you appeared the first time I beheld you? I see you bathed in tears; and it is I who have drawn forth these tears! It is I who have excited this sensibility! Before you knew me, your heart was united to mine! you participated in the pious ejaculations of my soul! Whilst quite separated, whilst inclosed in the wild precincts which gave me birth, I sought the most removed solitude to meditate in secret, an invisible bond united us; you repeated my inspirations, and gave to the words I uttered the charm of a celestial harmony! The echo of the valley often answered to my voice; more than once it has made my heart palpitate. Ah! it was a presentiment! it was you that I heard!—Yes, said she, at length, I might have known you to be that original poet who inspired me with so much enthusiasm, that only being upon earth who is solely indebted to nature for his talents, and the irresistible ascendant that they give him over every mind, that soul at once ardent and ingenuous, possessed of that energy, that candour, and

impassioned language! O Placid! continued she, you, who have for four years been the object of my most lively admiration, you, whose noble thoughts exalted my imagination, and fortified my soul, you, in fine, to whom I owe my disdain of the frivolities of the world, and taste for solitude, how pleasing it will be to me to publish that you are the author of those beautiful poems, and to see a talent so worthy of obtaining universal applause, shine in full lustre! —No, no, interrupted I; it is a secret I confide to you; the only glory and fame that I covet, is your suffrage; you make me insensible of every thing else. I will henceforth write for you alone. With what ardour I shall labour, and endeavour to perfect that talent which has had power to affect you! With this idea, I must surpass myself; and, known to you alone, I will enjoy that obscurity which a secret instinct has so often made me desire to quit. Ah! the more fascinating celebrity is, the more I shall delight to think of sacrificing it to you. While speaking, I was constantly on my knees before her, and held her trembling hands in mine. Suddenly she starts, at hearing a carriage enter the court. O! rise, said she, and, if possible, let us hide our emotion from the eyes of indifferent persons. How! cried I, shall we be separated? and I have still so many things to say to you.—Return to-morrow at five o'clock in the evening. At these words, I rose;—she directed me with her hand to go out by a private door, and I left her directly.

(To be continued.)

DEVOTEES.

THERE is nothing more dangerous in society than a religionist under the influence of passion. He becomes the most cholerick and revengeful animal; he considers God under an obligation to assist him; he thinks religion is wounded in his person; and looks upon his wrath as originating in Heaven.

LIVES OF CELEBRATED WOMEN

OF THE

Eighteenth Century.

MADAME ELIZABETH, OF FRANCE.

THE virtues and misfortunes of no woman ever more deserved the notice and veneration of posterity than those of Madame Elizabeth.

Philippa Maria Helen Elizabeth, of France, the last fruit of the union of Louis, dauphin of France, and Maria Josephine of Saxony, his second wife, was born at Versailles the 23rd of May, 1774. At three years of age, she became an orphan, and her tender affections devolved on her brother, Louis XVI. The education of Madame Elizabeth was confided to Madame de Marsan, governess of the children of France. Elizabeth, haughty, obstinate, and intractable, from a desire to please her amiable instructress, soon corrected these faults. A severe look, or one expressive of displeasure, soon became a more profitable lesson than punishment; and nothing remained of her natural propensities, but a great inflexibility of principle, and the energy of a strong and sensible mind.

At twelve years of age, Elizabeth experienced the mortification of being separated from Madame Clotilda, her sister, who married the Prince of Piedmont. The presence of her governess would, perhaps, have assuaged her sorrow, but Madame de Marsan at this time withdrew to devote her life to retirement.

The Infant of Spain, and the Duke of Aost, a younger son of the King of Sardinia, solicited the hand of Madame Elizabeth. Political reasons put a stop to the negotiations entered into for these marriages; and Madame Elizabeth

was overjoyed at remaining with Louis XVI. her beloved brother.

When the queen was brought to bed with Madame Royal, the instructors of Madame Elizabeth were charged with the education of the king's daughter. Madame Elizabeth was then only fourteen years of age, but being more severe to herself than her governesses were, she kept all her masters, wished to entertain none but her instructors, employed a great part of her time in religious devotion, the study of history, the languages, and the belles lettres; painting was her only relaxation from serious occupations; and she never remained a moment idle. In company, she was always at work, either sewing, embroidery, or tapestry. One day, as she was finishing the embroidery of an under-petticoat, one of her women, struck with the beauty of the design, observed, "It is really a pity, that Madame should be so expert." "Why so?" "It would better become poor girls; this talent would be sufficient to gain them a livelihood, and support their families." "That perhaps is the reason that God has given it to me; perhaps I shall use it to maintain myself and friends."

Madame Elizabeth for five years renounced the diamonds that the king was accustomed to give her as new years' gifts, in order to procure an advantageous establishment for Miss de Causan, canonness of Metz.

A stranger to court-intrigues, Madame Elizabeth never solicited any but merited favours. Without ostentation, or frivolity, she only appeared at court and in public when obliged: study, meditation, walking on foot, and riding on horseback, made up the sum of her pleasures. Her journeys were almost always directed to the side of St. Cyr, where Madame Louisa, her aunt, had been made a Carmelite. The king, fearing that Madame Elizabeth would think of embracing a monastic life, said to her one day, "I much approve of your frequently visiting our aunt, provided you do not follow her example; for, dear Elizabeth, I want you."

Louis XVI. was inoculated, and the Princess Elizabeth

submitted to the same operation, and by her desire sixty poor young girls partook with her of the benefit of this discovery. In 1781, the king bought a beautiful country-house for his sister at Montreuil. Elizabeth, in this house, led quite a retired life; and here the indigent always found relief in their misfortunes. As soon as a village-child fell ill, she sent a physician to it, and whatever else might be wanted. Economical herself, and charitable to the poor, a great part of her income was appropriated to them.

Madame Elizabeth having taken into her service a young Swiss countrywoman to manage her dairy, knew that she regretted her country on account of the love she bore a young shepherd, named James, who had promised her marriage; and the princess ordered James to repair to Montreuil, and married him to his intended.

Whilst Madame Elizabeth was passing her days in these pleasing and beneficent occupations, a new order of things threatened to overturn the monarchy, and change the face of France. Madame Elizabeth never deceived herself as to the result of this great change.

The king's good nature, which sometimes appeared like weakness, gave his sister a presentiment of all the misfortunes of her family. "It is," said the princess, "with government as with education, we must not say, *we command a thing to be done*, till we are sure of its being right; but when we have said so, we must never be irresolute, and give up what we have determined to do. I see a thousand things," added she, "of which the king has no suspicion, because his soul is so pure, that he has no knowledge of intrigue."

In 1791, one of Madame Elizabeth's women was looking out of a window at the king, who was walking in the Tuilleries. The princess asked her upon what her attention was fixed. "Madame, I am looking at our good master, who is walking."—"Our master! to our misfortune, he is no longer so."

The queen believed, that Austria was endeavouring to re-establish the French monarchy; Madame Elizabeth was

not deceived; her high and accurate mind read what was to come; and she swore to share the fate of her family. On the 6th of October, she accompanied her brother to Paris; and determined to quit him no more; she then followed him in his journey to Varennes; and when he was arrested on the frontiers, she returned to the capital with him.

The 20th of June, 1792, one of the rebels, taking her for the queen, cried out, *This is the Austrian; she must die!* You are deceived, replied an officer of the national guard; it is not the queen; it is Madame Elizabeth.—*Why*, said the princess to the officer, *did you not let them believe that I am the queen? you would perhaps have prevented a greater crime.*

On the 10th of August, the king in vain entreated his sister to quit the castle; and when Louis determined to fly to the national assembly for shelter, Elizabeth went with him.

The massacre of the Swiss who guarded the castle, filled the soul of Elizabeth with affliction, though it did not lessen her courage. This princess heard with resignation, in the midst of the legislative assembly, the decree which pronounced the fall of her brother, and the discussion of this same assembly about the choice of the prison in which the Royal Family were to be confined. On being conducted with the king, queen, and their children, to the tower of the Temple, Madame Elizabeth forgot her own situation, and entirely devoted herself to these unfortunate august personages. An example of patience and resignation, she lavished upon them the most affectionate attentions; and when the king's children were ill, Madame Elizabeth often watched over them for several nights by their bedside; her strong mind supported her delicate body, and her fervent piety served her as an ægis against all misfortunes. She composed the following prayer, while she was in the Temple—

“What will happen to me to-day, O God! I know not; all that I know is, that nothing will happen which you have not foreseen, determined, willed, and ordained, from all

eternity. This is sufficient. I adore your eternal and impenetrable designs ; I submit to them with all my heart for the love of you. I endure, and kindly receive all your divine dispensations ; I sacrifice every thing to you ; and unite this sacrifice to that of my heavenly Saviour ; I ask you in his name, and through his infinite merits, to grant me patience in my troubles, and the perfect submission which is due to you for all that you ordain and permit."

Madame Elizabeth had lived to see the king her brother and the queen her sister-in-law perish on the scaffold. Having been separated several months from the dauphin, her nephew, she did not fear to be delivered to the executioner, but she feared to leave Madame Royal, her young niece, without consolation and support in the midst of the jailors and murderers of her parents. The 9th of May, 1794, she was no sooner in bed than she heard the bolts of her prison unbar, and in haste slipt on her robe. The ferocious appearance and threatening accents of those whom she saw enter, announced some new act of tyranny. Citizen, come along immediately, you are wanted.—Is my niece to remain here?—That does not concern you : she will be taken care of.—Madame Elizabeth threw her arms around the neck of her unfortunate niece ; and, to calm her just affright, said, Be not disturbed, I shall come again.—No, thou wilt not come again ! answers one of the satellites, who "grinn'd horribly a ghastly" and cruel smile. Take thy night-cap.—She obeys, lifts Madame Royal, who falls into her arms ; bids her place her trust in God, be submissive to his will, and quits her to see her no more !

Madame Elizabeth appeared before the tribunal with a noble and composed look. Being interrogated about her names and rank, she answered, I am Elizabeth of France, your king's aunt. This proud answer astonished the judges and auditors ; they suspended an instant the interrogatory ; but soon continued it ; and the death of this princess, which had long been determined upon, was pronounced.

When arrived at the place of execution, Madame Elizabeth there found twenty-four persons, of both sexes, who

were to share the same fate. The females asked, and obtained permission to embrace her. By a refinement of cruelty, the executioners of Madame Elizabeth ordered that this princess should see the other victims of their fury perish, before she herself suffered. They thought of shaking her firmness; but God lent his divine support to the royal virgin; and she shewed not the least terror at this awful moment, but met her death with calmness and dignity, the 10th May, 1794; and, at length, freed from the trammels and evils of life, quitted this mortal state to rejoin her brother in heaven*.

NOTHING BUT INTREPIDITY CAN RESIST OPPRESSION.

A SPANISH merchant on the coast of Africa, having been plundered by one of Muly Moluch's alcaides, threatened to demand justice of the emperor; on which he was obliged to take refuge in the woods. Some months after, Muly going that way with his court, the merchant went directly into the road, and seized the bridle of the emperor's horse, demanding justice on the alcaide who had robbed him. Muly, astonished at his boldness, asked him if he knew who he was? "I know," said the Spaniard, "that thou art the emperor of Morocco, and I know therefore that it is thy duty to do me justice." Muly called for the alcaide; and finding him guilty of the oppression, condemned him to be instantly beheaded, ordering the merchant, at the same time, to receive treble recompence out of the culprit's effects; and as he was withdrawing, the emperor reproached his courtiers, by saying, "Behold a man!"

* The Trial of Madame Elizabeth, and the Eulogy of M. Ferand.

A NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,
ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE MISS S——.

(Continued from page 146.)

LETTER IV.

MINERVA owed her birth to Jupiter alone; he grieved at finding that Juno was not likely to have children, and while he was reflecting on the subject, he struck his forehead; some time afterwards, being troubled with a violent pain in his head, he applied to Vulcan for assistance, who opened his head with a hatchet, and Minerva, armed *cap-a-pie*, sprang from his brain. She soon became the darling of her father; and indeed the great qualities which she displayed, proved how largely she partook of his divine essence. Mankind are indebted to her for the arts. She was worshipped also as the directress of just wars; and she built the first ship. Ulysses, and other heroes of antiquity, who were renowned for their prudence, were always guided by her.

Minerva, however, did not disdain the occupations befitting her sex; she presided over the employments of women, and was herself the inventress of embroidery and fine works. She prided herself particularly on her skill in tapestry. Arachne, the daughter of Idmion, an inhabitant of Colophon, in Lydia, was so vain of the praises bestowed upon her skill in the labours of the loom, that she had the audacity to declare herself Minerva's superior in the art. The goddess was so enraged at her presumption, that she changed her into a spider.

Shortly after the birth of Minerva, Cecrops built a city

which the goddess claimed the honour of naming; but as Neptune disputed it with her, Jupiter called a council of the Gods to decide the matter. It was agreed, *nem. con.* that the privilege should be granted to whichever of the candidates produced the most useful article to present to the inhabitants of the city. They accepted the conditions. Neptune, striking the earth with his trident, the horse Arion instantly sprang from it. The gift of Minerva was an olive-tree; and she obtained the prize.

Minerva had several temples; the most celebrated were those of Troy and Athens. In the former city, she was adored as Pallas, the president of combats. A statue of Minerva, to which the Trojans gave the name of *Palladium*, was for a long time supposed to protect that city; it was formed of the bones of Pelops, the king of Peloponnessus, and while the Trojans were masters of it, they regarded their city as secure. The Greeks, however, contrived to penetrate into the temple by a subterranean passage, and carried off this precious image, and shortly afterwards they succeeded in taking Troy.

Minerva, who was never married, was so severely virtuous, that she struck Tiresias blind, because he chanced to see her in a bath; but afterwards, compassionating the wretchedness to which he was reduced, she bestowed upon him the gift of prophecy, as an alleviation of his sufferings.

When Minerva is represented as the Goddess of Wisdom, she is seated; her beautiful countenance is graceful and majestic. Her head-dress is always a helmet, and the *Ægis* made of the skin of a monster of that name, whom she slew, covers her breast. She holds a spear in her right hand, and her left arm is defended by a shield. An owl, her favourite bird, is placed near her, and various instruments of science are scattered round her. As Pallas, she is represented standing, and, in general, a dragon is near her.

Mythologists tell us little respecting the God of War, whose education was entrusted by his mother Juno, to Briareus, one of the Titans. Early instructed in military exercises, the natural violence and cruelty of his disposition

soon shewed itself, he became the patron of unjust wars, in conjunction with his consort Bellona.

In the war between the Trojans and the Greeks, he sided with the former; it was upon that occasion, he received a wound in the hand, from the spear of Diomedes, which Minerva herself guided.

Mars, with all his fierceness, was not insensible to the charms of beauty; he laid his laurels at the feet of Venus, who, unmindful of her matrimonial vows, listened to him with too much complacency. Fearful of the prying eye of Sol, Mars took Alectryon into his confidence, and set him to watch the approach of the God of Day, with a strict charge to give him (Mars) notice of it, that he might retreat in time. Alectryon, however, fell asleep upon his post; Sol discovered the intrigue, and was not long in communicating intelligence of it to Vulcan, who took a ludicrous revenge upon his unfaithful spouse, by throwing over her couch an iron net, the workmanship of which was so exquisitely fine as to be imperceptible. The God of War and his beautiful mistress were unable to free themselves from the net, and they remained exposed to the ridicule of the whole celestial court, till Vulcan, moved by the tears of his wife, and the intercession of Neptune in her behalf, released them. Mars turned Alectryon into a cock, as a punishment for the mortification he had suffered through his carelessness.

When this god is represented alone, his figure is that of a warrior completely armed, he has sometimes, but not always, a beard; by his side are military trophies, and on his helmet, or else standing close to him, is a cock.

He is sometimes accompanied by Bellona; he then appears in a car drawn by two fiery steeds, which Bellona is said to have presented to him. The figure of this martial goddess is terrific; her dishevelled hair floats round her shoulders, her countenance is wild, rage and fury glare in her eyes; she brandishes a bloody whip in her right hand; she is armed with a cuirass and lance, and attended by the Goddess of Discord.

Let us turn from this turbulent god and his ferocious

spouse, to the lovely Hebe, who is also the offspring of Jupiter and Juno; but does not rank among the deities of the first class. This goddess appears to have held an office in Olympus very unworthy of her high descent, for she served the gods with nectar at their banquets. One day, either from hurry or inadvertence, she fell down, and Jupiter, in a moment of anger, dismissed her, and appointed the beautiful youth, Ganymede, for his cup-bearer. Hebe, however, continued to serve the other gods with nectar. It is singular, that the Goddess of Youth seems to have escaped the influence of *la belle passion*. We are told indeed, that when Hercules was admitted into Olympus, Jupiter gave him Hebe in marriage, but prior to that event, we hear nothing of her adventures.

Vulcan, the only male legitimate son of Jupiter, was born so excessively deformed, that the god, shocked at his ugliness, cast him out of Heaven. He fell upon the Isle of Lemnos, and, by the fall, broke his thigh. His helpless condition raised the pity of the natives; they nursed him tenderly, and when he grew up, he rewarded their kindness by establishing immense forges in the mountains of Lemnos. Under his forming hand, gold, iron, and brass, were first polished into beauty.

Nature, in denying him the graces of form and feature, amply compensated for the want of them, by endowing him with genius and industry, gifts, in fact, which are rarely united. He consoled himself for his absence from the celestial court, by labouring incessantly with his Cyclops in the caverns of Mount Etna; here his industry paved the way to a reconciliation with his father: the giants attacked Olympus, and the thunderbolts, forged by Vulcan and his Cyclops, were eventually the means of enabling Jupiter to recover his celestial dominions.

Grateful for this important service, Jupiter received him at his court with all the honours befitting his birth; he did more, for passing at once from unjust hatred to the warmest affection, he desired Vulcan to chuse a bride from the cele-

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tial court, assuring him at the same time, that he would bestow upon him the goddess of his choice.

Vulcan chose Minerva, who rejected his suit with scorn; Jupiter talked to her in vain of his son's genius, and the beauties of his mind; his person was hideous, and his manner of wooing so ungallant, that he completely disgusted the goddess, who vowed nothing should shake her resolution to remain for ever a virgin. Jupiter had sworn by Styx to allow her the freedom of choice, he could not, therefore, have recourse to compulsory measures; but he encouraged Vulcan to persevere in his addresses, which he did for some time. Finding, at length, there was no prospect of success, he resigned his pretensions, consoling himself at the same time with the idea, that he was for ever cured of love. You shall see, in my next, how this boasting ended; for at this moment, an engagement leaves me only time to assure you, that I am always,

Most respectfully and devotedly,

Your

CLERMONT.

(To be continued.)

SELF-DENIAL.

It is much the doctrine of the times that men should not please themselves, but deny themselves every thing they take delight in, not look upon beauty, wear no good clothes, eat no good meat, &c. which seems the greatest accusation that can be upon the maker of all good things. If they be not to be used, why did God make them? The truth is, they that preach against them cannot make use of them themselves, and then, again, they yet esteem by seeming to condemn them. But mark it while you live, if they do not please themselves as much as they can; and we live more by example than precept.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN;

A MUSICAL FARCE IN TWO ACTS.

BY J. M. BARTLETT.

SCENE II.—*A Public House.*

Enter CAPT. MANLY and O'KEEFE.

Manly sings.

HAIL! land of my birth, ever jocund and gay,
How sweet are your valleys, your woodlands, your spires,
But my comrades! how many have mingled their clay,
Far, far from the dust of their kindred, and sires!
Yet how proud was their course! and how glorious their day!
Since it closed on the red field of conquest and fame;—
Their laurels shall blossom, unsear'd by decay,
Unstain'd by dishonour—unsullied by shame.

And long be rever'd the last sleep of the brave,
By the patriot, the lover, the maiden, the friend—
And still be the curse of the coward and slave,
To sigh for their glory—to envy their end!
Though the wild winter blasts shall at intervals rave
O'er the verdure that springs from their proud trophied tomb;
Yet a halo of glory encircles their grave,
And flashes its beams through eternity's gloom.

Man. So, O'Keefe! here we are once more; and returned safe to enjoy that repose, for which we have so often fought to acquire for our country.

O'Keefe. True, your honour; we may now order our firelocks, and stand at *ase*.

Man. But, in laying down our arms, (since we are no longer required to wield them) we only change weapons, as we

are now entering upon a service which has ever been allied to a soldier's fortune.

O'Keefe. And is it love that you *mane*? in good troth, whilst he employs that little *garsoon*, called Cupid, for a recruiting serjeant, he will never want recruits.

Man. Right; but although we enter as volunteers, what think you of the service?

O'Keefe. Think! why, that two such handsome fellows as your honour and myself (by-the-by) would storm the breast-work of any pretty girl in the kingdom, and *ould* Ireland in the middle of it.

Man. Pooh, pooh! but you must not forget, *O'Keefe*, that many a gallant fellow in the breach of an enemy, has failed at the counter-scarp of a woman's affections; however, I have laid a plan to try the affection of our mistresses.

O'Keefe. Indeed!

Man. Yes; during my correspondence with Cecilia from the army, I made use of a trifling deception, which I am sure she will forgive. It was no other than, when returned as wounded from our last encounter with the enemy, I informed her, that I had lost an eye and an arm; and, as you always employed my pen to be the herald of your thoughts to Agnes, I took the liberty of trying your mistress's love at the same time, by informing her, that you had lost a leg by my side.

O'Keefe. And a mighty good plan.

Man. As it proves; for the letter I have just received satisfies my scruples, by its welcoming with warmer expressions of sympathy and concern, the crippled soldiers, return to their native shore.

O'Keefe, (half aside). O the bewitching devil! if I had her but here now, I—I—I—

Man. But hold, *O'Keefe*; it will be necessary for us to make our approaches with the cautious vigilance of an experienced general; for I am not only informed, by my dear Cecilia, that her father still continues inexorable; but that he even favours the pretensions of a contemptible rival; so that, since all hope of coming to an honourable capitula-

tion with him must be abandoned, we must exert our generalship, and try, if our tactics will not be a match for his obstinacy.

O'Keefe. Trust Captain Manly, and his obedient servant for that.

Man. You must therefore remain here unobserved; in the mean time, I will go and reconnoitre the enemy's outposts. (*Exit.*)

O'Keefe. So! since I am once more left alone on duty, I will even lighten it with a song; it is a pleasant sort of a companion when a man is dull; before now, I have had no one else to talk to through many a long night in the trenches or field; and when I have expected a friendly attack from the enemy to join in the chorus.

He sings.

Oh! dark was the night on *ould* Belgium's plains,
'Till the sun popp'd his good looking knob in the east,
Where the French boys, who long had been puzzling their brains,
Just ask'd us to come and partake of their feast.

'Twas at Waterloo,

Och! Waterloo!

Though we're gluttons at home—there they call'd us a beast,
For we carv'd much too quick, and we domineer'd too,
With our hubbaboo whack!

Though *hot* was each course, yet our stomachs were good—
And "spare not, my brave boys, said Wellington still;
"For whilst Bonaparte supplies us with food,
We'll honour his treat—we shan't soon have our fill."

'Twas at Waterloo,

Och! Waterloo!

But our hosts soon began to consider it ill;
For we crack'd both their skins, and their *lobster-shells** too,
With our hubbaboo whack!

* Vide, The Lifeguardsman's description of the overthrow of the Cuirassiers.

But sure such a treat—and such appetites rare,
Have not been since Adam kiss'd Eve's mealy face;
And *ould* Blucher, who smelt out our delicate fare,
Came and finish'd the bones, as we stood and said grace.

'Twas at Waterloo,

Och! Waterloo!

Bad luck to the *soule*, who reveres not the place,
Where we taught our proud foes their presumption to rue,
With our hubbaboo whack!

Now long life to the boys—every son of his mother,
Who has conquer'd with Wellington, no matter where,
And may England and Ireland, as sister and brother,
And Scotland unite—"and the devil need care,"

As at Waterloo,

Och! Waterloo!

The shamrock, the rose, and the thistle, twin'd there
In the bond of affection, and harmony true,
With our hubbaboo whack!

(Exit.)

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Old Mordrant's House.*

Enter OLD MORDRANT.

Old Mord. (calling). Oliver!—Oliver!—Bless my soul, here is nothing but vexation; a man need have more philosophy than a Socrates to support it.—Why, Oliver!—Zounds! one might as well endeavour to wake Duke Humphry, as to make a servant hear when you want one. Women in the way, men out of the way—all conspire to plague one. However, I have written a note to Mr. Overplus, informing him of my determination to be from home this afternoon; he may therefore take the opportunity of my absence to make his final proposals to my daughter. I must lose no time in settling this affair, as the expectations of Mr. Overplus from his father are not to be despised, because a captain, whom nobody knows, has the assurance to—(*Enter OLIVER*) So, sir, you have thought proper to obey my call at last; but pray, sir, why was I not obeyed sooner.

Oliv. Sur, I—

Old Mord. I'll hear no I's, sir—what! because I took you from the workhouse when a boy, and put you in livery, I suppose you expect to live like a gentleman; but remember, in my absence this afternoon, that you milk the cows—feed the pigs—assist John in the stable—help the dairy-maid churn—plant those shrubs—and weed the grass-plat.—But first, d'ye hear, take that letter to Mr. Overplus, and when he arrives, be in the way to wait upon him, if he requires you. The fellow has nothing to do, and yet he is always complaining of hard labour. [*Exit OLIVER with the letter.*] I will now take a ride to my friend Acorn's, and return home in time to finally adjust matters between Mr. Overplus and my daughter. There will be no more difficulties, I think—No—no, the girl will not be quite so mad as to disobey my positive injunctions neither; and although they are so extremely unfashionable as to disagree before marriage, who knows but they may be equally so, by living cordially together afterwards. Yes, yes, I must close this affair to prevent the disappointment of my schemes; when that is done, I shall have nothing to trouble me—no care—no vexation. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.—*Pleasure Grounds before Old Mordrant's House.*

Enter MANLY, disguised as a Countryman.

Man. Thank my fortune, I am once more arrived within sight of that haven, which, as a tempest-driven pilot, I have so often sighed to behold. But how to acquaint Cecilia of my being in this part, must be my first care; could I meet with any one of the domestics, I might, under some pretence or other, (which this disguise would favour) get this letter conveyed to her perchance;—but hold! here comes that lump of stupidity, Oliver; he will not recognize me, I am sure.

[*MANLY retires to one side of the stage.*]

Enter OLIVER, with a Letter in his hand.

Oliv. I ha' gean Squire Overplus measter's letter, and

got another for Miss, and a deadly sweet one it be, I dare say—

Man. [aside]. Oh! oh! from my rival, I presume.

Oliv. Now, hang it, if I could say half as many *pratty* things like to Agnes, as be in this letter, she would be mine to a *sartinty*; but somehow, when I want to say any thing to her smart and *pratty* like, flog it, I can't think o' a word. [He puts the letter in his pocket, which MANLY perceives, and unobserved by OLIVER takes it out. As OLIVER is going off, MANLY calls after him.]

Man. [assuming the rustic dialect]. Holloa, there! you ha' dropped a letter. [giving him the one he had written to Cecilia.]

Oliv. Od' rabbit it! [searching his pocket] so I have. Now that were main lucky, because—he! he! he! [laughing.]

Man. Ees; 'twere main lucky—he! he! he! [laughing too.]

Oliv. He! he! well; I'll take care on't this time—he! he! he! he! [goes off laughing.]

Man. [looking after Oliver, and laughing.] He! he! he! Well now, let's see what says my rival.

[He opens Overplus's letter, and reads.]

“Divine Cecilia,

“The uninspired effusion of my pen can but inadequately convey the humble adoration of my heart. Whether in gazing on the heavenly effulgence of your transcendent charms, or beholding the sublime ascendancy of your celestial virtues, the soul must alike adore in speechless wonder; yet permit a slave to your beauty, to prostrate himself before the shrine of his divinity, and with tenderest vows to supplicate that deity to whom his presumptuous hopes dare aspire.

“JOSIAH OVERPLUS.”

Sublime indeed, Mr. Overplus. I will now retire to head-quarters, and, as Cecilia is by this time acquainted with my rendezvous, I shall soon hope to receive marching orders; a woman's invention is too fruitful to be disappointed in an object her heart desires. (Exit.)

(To be continued.)

THE GOSSIPER, N^o. XXIX.

TO THE GOSSIPER.

MR. GOSSIPER,

I AM certain, if there is the least similarity between your assumed appellation and your real disposition, you will pity me sincerely, when I tell you that I delight above all things on earth in gossiping, and yet I am likely to be obliged to confine myself to monosyllables for some weeks to come, in consequence of a visit, which is equally unexpected and unwelcome, from a very old acquaintance of mine. You will suppose perhaps, that my friend is one of those people who desire to have all the talk to themselves; no such thing, he talks very little; but say what you will, he is always sure to have a reply ready, which either silences or disconcerts you.

To me, Mr. Gossiper, this is a serious evil; for I could almost as soon be deprived of food as of that harmless chat which is generally denominated gossiping; so, as I cannot indulge in it verbally, I'll even try what I can do on paper, by giving you some account of my disagreeable guest, from whose company I have at this moment a short respite, because he has letters to write.

This gentleman, Mr. Killjoy, has every right to enroll himself in that class of beings, commonly known by the appellation of *dampers*. I need hardly observe to you, that it is the business of a professed damper to make every body about him as unhappy as he possibly can, and both by descent, inclination, and habit, Kit Killjoy is perfectly qualified for the profession.

Killjoy's maternal grandmother, Miss Priscilla Precise, who was set down for an old maid by all her acquaintance long before she entered the holy pale of matrimony, was universally allowed to be a complete *fidget*. His mother, whose

countenance I remember was always full of woe, was distinguished by the name of the *whiner*. Every thing which occurred to this good lady, or any of her acquaintance, furnished her with a subject for lamentation, no matter whether it was good or ill fortune ; if the first, all things in this world are so liable to change, that she was always certain when any circumstance particularly pleasant occurred, that it was a forerunner of something dreadful. If the last, it was sure to be magnified, till her sufferings, or those of her friends, infinitely exceeded Job's, whose patience, by the bye, she often declared never equalled her own.

Mr. Killjoy, the husband of this amiable lady, was a rough, uncouth man, who was never known to be in a good humour, except perhaps on the day which consigned his wife to the family vault. His perpetual habit of finding fault obtained for him the nickname of the *grumbler*. Such, Mr. Gossiper, were the progenitors of my friend, and I think you will agree with me, that, if dispositions ever are hereditary, it is not wonderful that his should be a compound of every thing anti-social.

As Kit was young, and his property good, when his father's death put him in possession of it, his neighbours, who had marriageable daughters, exerted themselves for some time to be civil to him ; and the young ladies dutifully seconded the efforts of their papas and mamas. But even the most courageous of the misses relaxed in their attention when they found that Kit possessed the art of extinguishing, in a few minutes, the mirth of any company in which he happened to be. Nor is it merely in temporary interruptions of cheerfulness that Kit exerts his talents ; he inherits his mother's power of turning blessings into misfortunes, and far exceeds her in the dexterity with which he spies out something to grieve at amidst apparent felicity.

I remember, when the daughter of one of his intimate friends married greatly above her expectations, he contrived to destroy all the pleasure of the happy parents, by intimating, after he had tried in vain to discover some fault in the

temper or disposition of the bridegroom, that insanity was whispered to be hereditary in the family.

Some time ago, his old friend Drudgewell retired from business, and was just beginning to felicitate himself on the enjoyment of rural happiness; Kit no sooner heard of it than he paid him a visit, conjured up a host of inconveniencies which he averred Drudgewell would sooner or later discover in his villa, and finding that not sufficient to damp entirely the pleasure of the honest tradesman, lamented so pathetically the horrors to which he would be exposed in the long winter evenings for want of the society which he had been used to meet at the club, that poor Drudgewell had scarcely done boasting of his happiness, before he was convinced that he was the most miserable man on earth.

I was walking with him the other morning, when he met a clerical acquaintance, who appeared in uncommon spirits; Kit enquired the cause, and was informed, that he had just received the presentation to a good living. Kit, who knew that he was an imaginary invalid, gravely hoped that the air would agree with him, observing at the same time, that he had heard medical men say, it was too sharp for people of delicate constitutions. Perceiving the parson change colour at this speech, he followed up his advantage by a declaration, that he was convinced it had once occasioned the death of a friend of his. The poor clergyman, who could not afford to resign the living, set out for it with feelings somewhat similar to those of a man who is going to execution; and, as the power of imagination is very great, I should not be at all surprised to hear that he was seriously indisposed.

Just as I had finished the last sentence, Killjoy entered the room. "What still writing, Mr. Prateapace," cried he, "I do not know, whether you recollect the saying, that brevity is the soul of wit, but, I am sure, if there is any truth in it, it must be high time for you to conclude your epistle."

I intended, Mr. Gossiper, to have told you half a hun-

dred anecdotes illustrative of Kit's eminent abilities in his profession, but this ungracious speech has completely damped my inclination to proceed at present. Should my letter meet with attention, perhaps, Mr. Gossiper, I may relate them to you at some future time.

I am, Sir,
Your constant Reader, and
Humble Servant,
PETER PRATEAPACE.

REVENGE.

IN the reign of James I. Lord Sanquhar was tried for procuring the murder of John Turner, a fencing master. The case was thus: his lordship and Turner were playing with foils at Lord Norreys's, in Oxfordshire, and Turner had the misfortune to make a push at Lord Sanquhar, by which one of his eyes was put out. After this, he continued to bear a grudge against Turner; but going to France, and being at court, the king asked him, "How he lost his eye." Lord Sanquhar told him, it was done with a sword. The king replied, "Doth the man live?" This made such an impression upon the young lord, that he returned to England, and caused Turner to be murdered in Whitefriars. He was indicted by the name of Robert Creighton, Esq. in the court of King's Bench, for procuring the murder of John Turner, a master of defence, whom he caused to be shot with a pistol, by one Carliel, a Scotchman, for thrusting out one of his eyes in playing at rapier and dagger. He was found guilty, and executed in Great Palace-yard, before Westminster-hall gate, on a gibbet erected for the purpose. Carliel and Irving, the two persons who murdered Turner, were hanged against the great gate of Whitefriars, in Fleet-street. One of the gibbets was higher than the other, by the length of a man, the reason of which was this—Carliel being a gentleman, insisted that the manner of Scotland was, that when a gentleman was executed with a man of meaner quality than himself, he had the honour of having the higher gibbet, and would think himself wronged, if it were not so.

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE.

(Continued from page 151.)

LETTER XXIV.

ALBERT TO ULRIC.

Padua.

IN a more composed state of mind than when I wrote last, I now address you, my first, my truest friend! I look back on the infatuation which once engrossed all my faculties, not as the mere whim of boyish impetuosity, but as a delightful dream, affording for a time the most pleasing impressions, but which now gradually receding from my memory, leaves my mind at liberty to resume its wonted energies, and willing to admit the conviction, that reason is a surer guide to virtue and to happiness than enthusiasm. My sister, yes! I can now sit calmly down and call her so, returned as soon as the evening service was concluded. I extended my hand, which she took and pressed affectionately between her own; then, pointing to a seat, placed herself beside me, and, throwing back her veil, asked me with a most serious countenance, if I did not feel convinced of the relationship that subsisted between us. "I do indeed perceive that we resemble each other; but I am impatient to learn how you have ascertained that it is so; or why, if you knew it, you could have kept me in ignorance when we first met." "I was so peculiarly situated at that time," she replied, "that I did not dare to breathe a hint of my conjecture; your safety and my own required the utmost caution. Who could have foreseen the consequence, or have imagined that——" She paused, and I felt the conscious blood crimson my cheek. Yes, Ulric! I blushed; for I felt I had made myself ridiculous; yet was not this very feeling a convincing proof that I was returning to my right

senses. "Come, come," said I abruptly, "I cannot yet bear your reproof: tell me briefly who and what you are, and how much you know of my mysterious fate." "Oh!" she returned, smiling, "I find you are already prepared to take upon yourself the authority of a brother; now as I know you have a turn for the romantic, I will keep your curiosity awake as long as I possibly can. From my earliest recollection, I was brought up in a convent; nor until I attained my fifteenth year, did I know to whom I belonged, or who had the charge of my maintenance there. I had a confused recollection of a lady in a travelling dress having visited me, when I was very young, but her stay was short, and my memory could not retain what passed during our interview. At length, I was informed, that I was soon to be removed from the convent, that my mother was a lady of rank, and would, in the course of a few days, come and take me home with her. The intelligence delighted me; for at that age, every change of situation affords the attraction of novelty, and pleasure is usually anticipated; the certainty too of knowing that I had a mother was not the least agreeable sensation I experienced; and my youthful heart already throbbed with emotions of filial affection. I was no sooner informed that a lady was waiting for me, than I hurried into her presence, and without ceremony threw myself into her extended arms. "I have neglected you a long time, my child," said she, "but ill health must be my excuse; you cannot be more gratified in being restored to the embraces of a parent, than I am in being once more able to receive you under my protection." She then turned to the superior, and gracefully thanked her for the care she had taken of me, adding, "I have no doubt, madam, that the mind of my Oriana is as much improved as her person." "The young lady has done justice to our instructions, I can assure you, madam," returned the abbess; "we shall all regret losing her." The carriage which brought my mother being now ready, I hastened to take leave of my former associates; this, though in some respects a painful task, was soon hurried over, and when seated once more by the side

of my mother, my tears gradually dried up, and I entered cheerfully into conversation with her on subjects of more immediate interest; to my numerous questions, she gave kind, but brief replies. She informed me, that my father had fallen in the service of his country, a few months previous to my birth. I enquired if I had any brothers or sisters. "We had one son," she replied, "the delight and pride of my lord; but our hopes in him were defeated by his sudden and mysterious disappearance, while quite an infant. This calamity, and the subsequent death of Lord Glenfield, preyed on my spirits, and occasioned such a degree of mental imbecility, that my friends deemed it prudent to remove you from my care; you were consigned to a trusty domestic, with instructions to place you in a convent as soon as you attained a proper age, until I should return from an excursion planned on purpose to divert me from my sorrows, and restore me to health, of which there then appeared but little chance. Happily, however, the kind cares of my friends were not unavailing. I revisited my native country, and found you so well and happy, that I was unwilling to remove you. Time has now banished from me all my early connections; of the few who remain, none interest me, and I feel a void in my heart which can alone be filled by the tender solitudes, the affectionate attentions, of my child." The name of Glenfield had at the moment caused me to start, but unwilling to interrupt Oriana, I had made no remark. I now eagerly imparted to her what I knew concerning Lord Glenfield, and concluded with a hope that he was not the author of our being. "I trust not," replied Oriana, with a sigh. "Our father must, I think, have been no more at the time you speak of, but he had a brother, to whose son I was introduced soon after my arrival at the *chateau*. He was accompanied by a Neapolitan named Juan Vindici, who thought proper to persecute me with his addresses. Influenced by some unaccountable prejudice, I formed an invincible dislike both to my cousin and his friend. St. Valori endeavoured to impress me with a favourable opinion of him in vain; I resolutely persisted in rejecting

his overtures; and as my mother did appear anxious for the match, Vindici was forced to submit to the insult of a rejection. St. Valori, highly incensed by what he termed my pride and obstinacy, departed with him for Vienna, and I deemed the absence of two such unpleasant intruders a happy release. From my mother, I learnt, that Lord Glenfield had been in India some years, that he was not on good terms with his son, nor had any of the family heard from him for a considerable length of time. For two years, I enjoyed the happiness of a mother's protection; but her health again visibly declined, and in defiance of all medical aid, she fell the victim of a rapid consumption. Previous to her death, she wrote to St. Valori, as the only relation to whom she could entrust the arrangement of her affairs, and as she knew that, bereft of her, I should wish to return to the convent where I was educated, she entreated him to see me carefully conveyed thither. St. Valori obeyed the summons, but anxiously endeavoured to dissuade me from my purpose: he pointed out to me the folly of burying myself in monastic seclusion, and assured me, that he had friends of rank and fortune at Vienna who would gladly receive me. I know not how it was, but I suffered his persuasions to overrule my better judgment, and at length consented, after exacting a promise from him that I should choose my own asylum, if I did not approve of the society to which I should be introduced. After performing the last sad duties, I prepared to quit the scene of temporary happiness; and, inexperienced in all worldly matters, left every thing to the management of St. Valori. My heart was too full of sorrow to admit of any other idea, and knowing him to be the only person who had any shadow of authority over me, I submitted myself to his guidance; and though I felt an instinctive dislike to the man, endeavoured to persuade myself that the prejudice was unjust. Every thing being arranged for our short voyage, we embarked. A person, habited as a sailor, was very assiduous in his offers of service, and attended us on board. It was a calm, delightful evening, and feeling the heat oppressive in the cabin, I

ascended to the deck to enjoy the pure air;—as I made not the least noise, two persons, who were in earnest conversation, did not notice my approach. I seated myself on a small package in a remote part of the vessel, and paid no attention to what was passing, until roused to observation by the repetition of my own name. “What do you mean to do with her?” asked one, whose voice seemed familiar to me. “Any thing,” returned the other, whom I instantly knew to be St. Valori; “my only object was to get her out of the way of those who might think proper to make impertinent enquiries; she wishes to be a nun, and so she may, with all my heart, but it shall be at a safe distance from all who know of past affairs.” “It would be as well to secure that picture,” observed the man, whom I now guessed to be Vindici in disguise; “it may betray more than you would wish to have known; if your father lives, he will thank us for this precaution.” “I want none of his thanks,” said St. Valori, with a sarcastic laugh; “but you promised to let me see his last letter.” “True, so I did; here it is.” Their conversation was interrupted by such a vivid flash of lightning as I had never before witnessed. St. Valori appeared alarmed, and the tremendous peal of thunder which succeeded, increased the livid paleness of his countenance. “Let us go below,” said he; “a tempest is rising; look how awfully the clouds roll in the west.” They made a precipitate retreat, and as they passed the place where I sat, I perceived a paper drop to the ground; as soon as they were out of sight, I caught it up, and secreted it in my bosom. The wind now rose with such violence, that I was obliged to take shelter in the cabin, and all thoughts of my own alarming situation were soon lost in the more immediate danger which was now impending. In a few moments, the confusion became general; every one seemed filled with equal apprehension. I threw myself on my bed, and resigned myself to my fate. A dreadful crash soon convinced me that there was little room for hope. Shrieks, groans, and imprecations, were mingled with the howling blasts of wind and the roaring of the waves. From that moment

I was insensible, till restored to recollection by your generous care; I knew not then to whom I owed my preservation, nor could I, to a stranger, confide my name or situation. To escape from St. Valori, from the hated Vindici, was my principal object; but that wish was not to be immediately gratified.

(*To be continued.*)

INTREPIDITY OF MADAME DU FRENOY.

IN December, 1785, Madame du Frenoy, who is known as an author and compiler of several works, embarked with her husband at Marseilles in a tartan for Genoa. They had scarcely lost sight of land, when a corsair was discovered making towards them, and finding it impossible to escape by flight, preparations were made to receive him. In vain did M. du Frenoy endeavour to prevail on his lady to go below; she resolutely refused; and seizing a sabre, placed herself by his side, declaring that she was determined to share his fate. M. du Frenoy, finding all arguments vain, was obliged reluctantly to consent. The Algerine advanced, and after a broadside, grappled the tartan, into which a large party of the barbarians entered. The Christians, however, received them gallantly; but no words can describe the behaviour of Madame du Frenoy. She flew among them with her sabre, and with her voice animated and cheered the crew. M. du Frenoy fell with a pistol-bullet in his thigh; his lady stood over him, and levelled with one stroke of the sabre a young Turk, who advanced to attack her. The pirates were obliged to retreat on board their own ship, when they cut their grappling, and fell off. A smart action now commenced with the great guns. Madame du Frenoy, after assisting her husband down to the surgeon, returned upon deck, where she continued encouraging the men, until the corsair, tired of his warm reception, sheered off. The tartan being much shattered, returned to Marseilles; and the magistrates being informed of the action, waited on Madame du Frenoy, inviting her to the theatre, where she was received with the loudest acclamations, and a crown of laurel was placed on her head by the Marquis de St. Christeau.

THE BURIAL OF
SIR JOHN MOORE,

WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA IN 1808.

PERHAPS few verses have been written more appropriate to the subject they describe, than the following beautiful and energetic stanzas. Here is none of that frippery, none of those lighter graces, those weak and flimsy embellishments, so fulsomely conspicuous in too many compositions of this sort; but, like the mournful occasion that originated them, all is grand, and gloomy, and abrupt, and hurried. The language every where is that of a poet, the feelings those of a soldier; and we doubt not the perusal will be as gratifying to our readers as it has been to us. Such lines as these can be little affected in their recommendation, by the author's name; but enquiry is natural, and there is much satisfaction in knowing to whom we are indebted for any pleasure we have received; we will therefore just add, that these stanzas are attributed, and we believe correctly so, to Lord Byron.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharg'd his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moon-beams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we stedfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In a grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
And we heard by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

SOLUTIONS OF THE ENIGMATICAL LIST

OF THE HANDSOME UNMARRIED LADIES AT STONEHOUSE IN
DEVONSHIRE, INSERTED IN OUR LAST.

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| 1 Pearce | 6 Kent |
| 2 Rotheram | 7 Bunce |
| 3 Legrice | 8 Hely |
| 4 Roby | 9 Shepherd |
| 5 Desbrisay | 10 Muller |

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1817.

THE attention of our political writers is turned from the peculiar situation of their own country, and taken up with foreign affairs; indeed if the welfare of England so entirely depended upon the state of the continent as they would make us believe, we shall not remain many years at peace. A great and important change has taken place in the French cabinet; M. de Caze and his party have gained an ascendancy over the party personally attached to the House of Bourbon, and obtained the resignation, or dismissal, of the Duke de Feltre, the War Minister, who is succeeded by Count Gouvion St. Cyr; and M. Davoust is restored to royal favour, and the Duke of Ragusa has been sent on a mission to Lyons. So that whatever motives may have influenced the king to submit to this party, it is plain they must have arisen from a feeling of insecurity; for nothing else could have induced him to take into favour, and place himself in the power and under the controul of those who owed their prosperity to, and were, and must be attached to Buonaparte; therefore he has sacrificed the interests of his family to a little temporary inconvenience. The consequences are easily to be foreseen, and the views of the English ministry will be frustrated by that arch head which is still at work, and neither wants partizans, agents, nor friends, to assist it. There cannot be a doubt, that the rights of legitimacy will be hereafter disputed; and the Buonapartean dynasty again established on the throne of France in the person of young Buonaparte; for the oaths of allegiance taken by these men will be considered to have been compulsory, or from necessity; and if observed with fidelity towards the reigning monarch, whom they consider forced upon them,

will be plausibly enough broken towards his successor. Besides, these very men swore fealty to Buonaparte, which is a primary obligation; how can they be absolved from that oath? or how be sincere to the Bourbons? May they not sacrifice their present feelings to what they may consider a paramount duty, or the more easily to accomplish what they ardently desire, the restoration of a family, to the head of which they look as a man of extraordinary genius, a man every way fitted to rule them, a man who has achieved more for the honour and glory of France than any man who has ever existed before him. But this change proves more, it proves that the nation are dissatisfied with the government; and that if these steps had not been taken, their dissatisfaction would have continued to have shewn itself in acts of violence. A conspiracy against the lives of the king and royal family has just been detected, and two of the principal conspirators, Desbans and Coyau, tried, and convicted and shot on the 3d inst. in the plain of Grenelle. Lyons has been in a state of insurrection, and a popular favourite of Buonaparte, Marshal Marmont, sent to quiet the people. These events speak more eloquently than words; and shew, when such measures are obliged to be resorted to, for that is the fact, the instability of the present order of things in that country.

This new administration too have already shewn the use they mean to make of the influence they have obtained. Louis's confessor is a relation of the Prince of Benevento; and it will be seen, by the league that is forming between France and Spain, how those two states will reward us, as soon as they have an opportunity, for having been instrumental in restoring their legitimate Sovereigns to their thrones. The necessity for keeping up the French army is materially insisted upon by the French government, while, on the other hand, they as seriously maintain, that there is no real necessity for keeping up the army of occupation to the extent settled at the Congress of Vienna. It is obvious, that if they do not wish to gain the ascendancy in power that

they have had, they are at least desirous of being more independent than they are at present.

Russia, the great Northern leviathan, it is now ascertained, is preparing to assist Spain with a large force against the South American insurgents; and England, though she wishes for their success, and knows it would be to her interest, and indeed, though she covertly assists them with the means of shaking off the slavish yoke of Spain, has declared her intention of preserving a strict neutrality. This league of monarchs has prevented her interfering in peace with that which she was so tenacious of preserving in war; and her hands are now so completely tied down, that she cannot presume to do an act against the various projects that are forming to prevent her interfering with the political affairs of the continent; and adjusting, prescribing, and settling, the due limits of each country, and maintaining what she has hitherto so strongly contended for, the Balance of Power. This, like many other chimeras that have cost us dear, will vanish "into air, into thin air," and be no more heard of.

A work has appeared within the month, which has given rise to much speculation, and which tends to confirm us in the opinion we entertain, and expressed in our last Number, of the growing power of Russia. It is a View of the Political and Military Strength of Russia in 1817, by Sir R. Wilson. It shows, the vast increase of power which Russia has recently received by the impolicy of other States, by additions on the side of Sweden, Poland, Turkey, and Persia, notwithstanding which extension of territory, its frontier has become more unassailable. He adverts to the amount and character of its military force (more than a million of men), and proves, that while France continues in its present helpless state, under a sovereign hated by the people, and who, from his internal insecurity, is incapable of taking an active part in the affairs of Europe, that no nation exists capable of offering any adequate resistance to the designs of Alexander.

The intelligence from the Spanish Main to the 11th ult. is unfavourable to the cause of the Independents; but it rests merely on rumour. It is said, that in consequence of reinforcements, received about five months ago from Old Spain, consisting of 2000 men, Bolivar's army received a check at Curapana and Guyara; and Bolivar, having quarrelled with the second in command, had deserted his comrades, and gone to St. Thomas's. General M'Gregar remained in undisputed possession of Amelia Island so late as the 20th of July; and was preparing the means of reducing the Floridas.

A new scheme of finance has been promulgated in a very singular way, first in Hanover, and afterwards in the Dublin papers, which hint, that advantages would result from the introduction of a direct tax of one per cent. upon income, in lieu of all existing imposts. These hints are attributed to Mr. Vansittart.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

THIS theatre opened, on Saturday the 6th inst. with *The School for Scandal*, and *Past Ten o'Clock*. Mr. Munden performed Sir Peter Teazle, for the first time; a part containing no broad humour, and affording him no opportunity of displaying those peculiar traits of expression in voice, countenance, or manner, for which he is so eminent; consequently his acting was constrained throughout. Sir Peter, though a tetchy old man, whose marriage with a young wife places him in situations that render his infirmities more glaring and ridiculous, is a classical character, and has nothing farcical or grotesque about him. Mrs. Davison in

Lady Teazle, Mr. Wallack in Joseph Surface, and Mr. Rae in Charles, were unequal to the characters allotted them. The play was altogether indifferently performed, but as well perhaps as the present state of the company will admit of. The performance began at seven o'clock precisely, as had been previously arranged by the two theatres; and was ended before ten; but the intervals between the acts for music were very short, and produced some expressions of disapprobation.

On Thursday, the 11th inst. the comedy of Wild Oats was represented for the purpose of introducing Mr. Stanley, from the Bath theatre, for the first time on these boards, in the eccentric and arduous character of Rover. Mr. Stanley, though unequal to some of the actors we have seen in this part, was much and deservedly applauded. His performance was evidently too much laboured; and certainly would have produced a better effect, had he acted more from feeling, and less from art. Mr. Knight's Sim is an admirable performance; Mr. Munden was very happy in Ephraim; Mr. Dowton's Sir George Thunder was excellent; and Mrs. Orger's Jane deserves notice. Mrs. Alsop took Miss Kelly's part in the Innkeeper's Daughter in the after-piece, with her wonted ability and success.

Saturday, September 13th, Sheridan's well-known comedy of the Rivals was represented; Mrs. Alsop made her first appearance in the character of Lydia Languish, and performed with her usual sprightliness and gaiety, but intermingled with something too much of the hoyden. Mrs. Sparks, Mr. Dowton, and Mr. Johnston, displayed their usual excellence.

The same evening, the musical afterpiece of The Poor Soldier was performed, for introducing Mrs. Belchambers, from the Bath theatre, in the character of Patrick. The lady's face is pleasing, and her figure light and easy. She was at first extremely diffident; and could scarcely overcome her feelings, notwithstanding the long-continued and unanimous applause of the house. Her voice is a *contre-alto*, full and clear in the lower-tones, but apparently wanting

compass. She was encored in the song of My Friend and Pitcher. Her acting was too solemn; but upon the whole she was well received.

COVENT GARDEN.

MONDAY, September 8th, this theatre opened for the season to a crowded and fashionable audience. The play of Hamlet ushered most of the old favourites of the public to notice; and they were greeted on their entrance with marked applause. A new candidate for public favour, in the person of Mr. Bonnell Thornton, appeared; but a tamer performer was never witnessed.—The interior of this vast edifice is now lighted with gas, producing a steady light, yet most brilliant appearance.

Wednesday, September 10th, a new Divertisement was introduced, for the first time, principally for the purpose of exhibiting the graceful attitudes of the three Miss Denets, who danced a very pretty *pas de trois*, which was unanimously encored.

Friday, September 12th, The Belle's Stratagem was performed. Miss Brunton (a granddaughter of Mr. Brunton, late manager of the Theatre-Royal Norwich, and since of the Richmond Theatre, and niece to Lady Craven), appeared, for the first time before a London audience, in the character of Letitia Hardy. A very elegant audience greeted her on her entrance with repeated marks of applause. She seemed evidently to feel the flattering reception thus afforded her, so characteristic of a British audience to the female part of the Dramatis Personæ. Miss Brunton is very young; her person is well-formed; she possesses an interesting and expressive countenance; her features are regular, and her voice is pleasing and melodious; but she appears rather to lisp. She entered fully into the spirit of the character, playing it with an elegance and easy demeanour that made a great impression on the audience. In the early part of the play, where the stratagem begins, and where she affects

idiotcy to impose on Doricourt, she was peculiarly happy. There was a simplicity and archness, and a sort of refined vulgarity, which, when contrasted with the subsequent display of her acting in the Masquerade Scene, evinced the powers of her mind. It is in this scene that she, masked and unknown, wins the heart of Doricourt, who laments his prior engagement to the idiot Letitia. The minuet was danced in the most graceful manner, and drew down repeated bursts of applause. Here it was evident, as in her acting, that her education is accomplished. Indeed we congratulate the public, that in Miss Brunton they have the promise of an actress of great merit, and hail her appearance as a valuable acquisition to the London stage.

HAYMARKET.

THE performances of this theatre closed for the season on the 13th inst. with *The Travellers Benighted*, *The Actor of All-work*, and *Teasing made Easy*. At the end of the second piece, Mr. Terry came forward, and spoke a playful and pointed Address; in which he intimated that some restraint had been put upon them by the winter theatres; and that they had in consequence not commenced so soon, nor continued open so long as usual; and wished that their superior brethren of the drama would keep a little more consistently in mind the humble adage of '*Live, and let live.*'

LITERARY NOTICE.

MR. WILSON is engaged in a new work (which will be ready for delivery in a few days) descriptive and also illustrative, by the means of Diagrams, of a new and much admired species of dancing, "*The Ecossoise*," which we are told is so simple in its construction as to be easily attained, and is not only calculated to afford much pleasure to the dancers, but also to excite a pleasing interest in the spectators.





Morning & Evening Costume for October 1857.

Pub. Oct. 1. 1857. by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

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THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR OCTOBER, 1817.

THE WALKING DRESS.

AN open robe of jaconaut muslin, body *à la chemisette*: it is made up to the throat, round which is a double frill of rich Dresden work. The robe is worked up the fronts, and round the bottom to correspond. Plain long sleeves, finished in the French style, by a double ruffle of Dresden work. Over this dress is worn a pelisse, composed of lilac and white queen's silk; it is open in front, and being a three-quarter length, displays the trimming of the under dress. The skirt of the pelisse is of a moderate fullness, it is ornamented only by a single rouleau of satin to correspond. The body does not come quite up to the throat, it is made to fit the shape exactly. A satin pelerine falls almost as low as the waist behind, but is shorter in front; it is trimmed round the shoulders and bust with a double fall of satin cut byas, and set on very full. Long sleeves, finished by a rouleau of satin at the wrist. Bonnet composed of lilac satin, the crown, of a very moderate size, is ornamented round the top with a full puffing of byas satin. The brim is rather wide, it is scalloped at the edge, and finished with a piping of satin. A full plume of lilac feathers falls over at the left side. A narrow cravat, composed of fine soft muslin, supports the frill round the neck. Gloves and boots of lilac kid.

EVENING DRESS.

A frock of pale bluish coloured satin, the skirt of a moderate fullness, is finished round the bottom by a rouleau of white satin, which is surmounted by a broad white satin trimming, festooned with pearls. The body is tight to the

shape, very short in the waist, and cut extremely low all round the bust. The bosom is trimmed with a full quilling of blond. Short sleeves made very full, the fullness confined at bottom by a satin piping; it is finished by a quilling of blond lace. White satin sash, tied behind in short bows and long ends. Hair dressed without any ornament but a pearl comb, with which the hind hair is fastened up in a full tuft at the back of the head. The front hair is dressed off the forehead in light curls. Necklace and ear-rings of topaz. White kid gloves, and white spotted silk slippers.

In addition to the elegant dresses which we have given in our print, we have procured the following descriptions of dresses worn by ladies of distinction, which we hope will be acceptable to our fair readers.

A morning dress, composed of cambric muslin; the skirt is gored, and ornamented at the bottom by a broad wave of clear muslin, which is let-in, and finished by a narrow lace on each side. The body is made up to the throat, is very short in the waist, very broad in the back; and quite tight to the shape before and behind. Long sleeves, rather wide, finished at the wrist by strips of work which are let-in byas across the arm; this kind of cuff is a nail in breadth; it is edged round with narrow lace. A half sleeve of cambric muslin is plaited very full on the top of the shoulder, so as to stand out from the arm something in the style of the French *mancherons*. This half sleeve is composed of two falls of muslin, which are edged with lace. There is no collar to this dress, but it is generally worn with a small net handkerchief richly laced, which is disposed round the throat so as to form a kind of pelerine.

A dinner dress, composed of green sarsnet with satin stripes, the stripes shaded in three or four different shades of the same colour. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a broad trimming of British net *bouillonné*, and interspersed with green silk cord. Plain low body cut down very much behind, but shading the bust in front, trimmed with a narrow row of *bouillonnés*, which are formed by green cord. A piece of British net of about half a quarter, or rather better,

in breadth, edged with a piping of green satin, is disposed in a most fanciful manner round the back, shoulders, and bosom of this dress; it is put on behind at the bottom of the waist, so as to have the appearance of a little jacket; it is then brought up aslant across the shoulders, and down the front to the middle of the bosom, where it meets and finishes with a satin rosette. The waist is also ornamented behind with satin rosettes. Plain long sleeve, composed of British net, with a cuff formed by three rows of *bouillonés*.

Silk pelisses begin to be generally adopted for walking dress, and silks, satins, and poplins, are used both for evening and dinner-dress. The most fashionable bonnets at present are composed of French willow, and made in the French form, they are generally adorned with flowers. *Toques*, a kind of head-dress, for the form of which we refer to our last number, are much worn in carriage dress; they are in general composed of satin, with a band of plaited riband round the bottom of the crown, and are mostly ornamented with feathers. There are some of a lighter description and different form, which are worn in full dress. We shall give an account of them next month.

French willow bonnets with satin crowns are also worn in carriage-dress; they resemble in shape the bonnet given in our print, only that the crown is generally much higher, and has no puffing round the top. Flowers are the only ornaments of these bonnets. The edges of the brims are always finished with puffed blond, or else white lace set on full, and they are always tied under the chin.

The colours considered most fashionable at present are azure blue, pale blush colour, different shades of green, royal purple, and lilac.

COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

WHITE is still in request, especially for promenade dress; but coloured embroidery has disappeared. Robes of *percale*, that is to say, of cambric muslin, are most in favour; they

are generally made high, and some are finished with a narrow pelerine, which is open behind, has three tucks and a flounce, plaited very full in large plaits. Some of these robes are made shorter than the under dress, sloped up in front, so as to display the petticoat a little, and finished by three tucks and a flounce, disposed in large plaits; this is surmounted by another flounce, put on so as to slope up the front, and three tucks.

Other robes are trimmed with *bouillonnés* intermixed with cord, or two or three rows of flounces, surmounted by *bouillonnés*. It is only within these few days that *bouillonnés* have been again taken into favour, for they were quite exploded.

All fashionable hats are now decorated by bands of two colours, those are generally citron and *ponceau*, which is a dark heavy red, bright rose colour, and deep blue or orange and scarlet. Flowers are also frequently contrasted in the same manner; thus we see yellow roses surrounded by geraniums, branches of tulips of five or six different colours, and the beautiful Provence rose mingled with the ugly brown flower called *Scabieuse*.

Marabouts or down feathers have again become fashionable; within these few days, we have seen several rose-coloured hats trimmed with them. Yellow crape hats with full plumes of marabouts to correspond in colour are also considered very fashionable.

Straw *chapeaux*, adorned at the top of the crown with silk twist are much in request, there are several rows placed very near each other.

The most novel ornament for hats is a diadem of Pomegranate flowers; they have as yet been seen only on green hats, and they are much admired. Leghorn bonnets have been again taken into favour; they are worn with a trimming of white satin riband which is brought very high on the crown, where it forms a sort of diadem; it is disposed in puffs.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



ABDALLAH;
OR,
THE FATAL GIFT.



A POEM.

(Continued from page 176.)

STRETCH'D on his couch Abdallah pin'd away
In ceaseless tears the melancholy day,
And first, for now he felt the deadly sting,
Reproachful gaz'd upon his ruby ring.
"Are these thy vaunted blessings?—yet indeed
Thou hast but serv'd me when 'twas most my need:
And since, alas! thy ministry hath prov'd
How vile and base the creatures I have lov'd,
Henceforth, at least, my foolish fault I'll mend,
And have no lover, relative, nor friend;
These at my table smile and sit no more—
Strangers alone shall enter at my door,
Strangers alone my banquet shall divide,
Enjoy my wealth, and flourish in my pride;
Their warmer gratitude, and purer praise,
Their gentler diffidence and humbler ways
Shall win the future welcome, share the cost,
And reap the good these parasites have lost."

Thus mus'd Abdallah, and the morning sun
Beheld his visionary scheme begun.
A general summons, hospitably vain,
From far and near invok'd the ready train,
And willing crowds, that need no second call,
Soon flock'd innumerable to his princely hall.

High on his throne Abdallah sits in state,
And who so good, so happy, and so great?
For thus they greet him, and from tongue to tongue
The swelling praises of his virtue rung,
And each in turn officious to be seen
Practis'd the courtly phrase and winning mien,
Or strove in fulsome compliments to shine,
Or pledg'd his name with every draught of wine.
If but a smile illum'd Abdallah's face,
How spread that smile infectious through the place!
If aught he said were serious in its tone,
What depth of learned wisdom had he shown!
If livelier theme his hum'rous mood befit,
How bright his genius, how immense his wit!
Or if he utter'd what but seem'd a joke,
What peals of laughter circled as he spoke!
Yet who were these that round his table sat?
The faithful ruby must determine that—
And lo! 'tis done—amid the motley crew,
Some only came to gratify their view;
Some own'd a darker thought, and basely tried
To rob that wealth he never had denied—
Plebeian wretches these, of vulgar birth,
Untitled villains that pretend no worth,
And wore their silken garments but to cheat
Suspicious vassals with the gay deceit—
Yet others too were there his eye perceives,
Villains of note, and honourable thieves,
That lur'd him on, as if in mere compassion,
To risk his treasures like a man of fashion,
And try the desperate game whose hidden curse
At first or last should filch away his purse:
Some came, like gluttons, only to enjoy
The bestial appetite that cannot cloy;
And misers some, that trembling to afford
A scanty supper for their nightly board,
With hungry gladness to the banquet steal
That gives without their cost a generous meal;
The most were they that as by instinct wait,
Like fawning spaniels, on the rich and great,

The cringing slaves that, so they can but dine,
Will swear their patron's bounty is divine,
And patiently endure, for goodly cheer,
The witty nothings they are ask'd to hear ;
Nay, more than this—at every word they'll raise
The tickling incense of expected praise,
And after duly to the world record
The wise and wond'rous sayings of my lord ;
For so preferment is securest made,
And well both man and master knows his trade.
The rest were mongrels of no better kind,
The bold in impudence, the base in mind,
The spunging vagrants that will stoop to share
The very meal they know ye cannot spare ;
That make their idle habits their excuse,
And weary out good nature with abuse ;
The worthless prodigals that poor themselves
Will feed, like rats, on any body's shelves,
No matter who—if humble your repasts
They'll take the little while that little lasts ;
If haply rich, it suits them but the more—
They'll strive and fatten on the plenteous store,
Like leeches suck ye to the inmost veins,
Nor quit the blood while yet a drop remains.—
Such were the group Abdallah's eyes beheld,
Till nature's self within his heart rebell'd,
A frantic rage, a fierce indignant ire
Flush'd his pale cheek with momentary fire,
And scarcely then his quivering lip repress'd
The stormy passions boiling in his breast ;
But treacherous hope with syren sweetness sung,
Controul'd him still, and curb'd his taunting tongue,
Each coming morrow haply yet might bring
Retrieving virtue on its welcome wing,
And cheated thus, he bow'd from day to day
To grov'ling curs that flatter'd to betray.
But patience sunk at last—of all that came
Their vices still were equal or the same,
And those his judgment could upbraid the least
Laugh'd at his folly while they shar'd his feast.

"Enough, enough!" the raging mourner cries
With tearful sorrow and repentant sighs,
Forbids the throng his bounty fed but late,
And spurns th' intruding wretches from his gate.
What shall he do?—each fondly-pictur'd scheme
In turn had mock'd him, like an idle dream
Whose shadowy forms deceive the gloom of night,
But fade and perish with the morning light.
Yet once again the visionary man
Would tempt the failure of as wild a plan,
And thus, recovering from his thoughtful mood,
Exclaims with rapture—"the design is good!
Once more I'll act the merchant's busy part,
Once more I'll mingle on the public mart.
The noisy bustle of that chequer'd scene
Shall make me yet the creature I have been;
My faithful brethren there, whom once I knew
For men of strictest honour, frank, and true,
Exalted spirits of undoubted trust,
In word and thought sincere, and action just,
In them my weary search at last shall find
Those rarer virtues of the human mind,
That long in others of a baser mould
My foolish fancy labour'd to behold."

With fond expectance, such as nature still
Thro' every disappointment, every ill,
Will almost cherish yet, and fain believe
Preposterous hopes that cannot but deceive,
Abdallah woo'd once more the grov'ling train
Of those whose only happiness is gain:
And well the cordial shake of every hand,
The warm profession, and the aspect bland,
Proclaim'd his welcome, as he mov'd again
Amid that herd of mercenary men.
But scarce, alas! the greetings of a day
Died on his ear, and chac'd his gloom away,
Than sudden pangs of sorrow and disdain
Redoubled every grief and every pain—

He saw no more the probity and truth
That dazzled once the innocence of youth,
He look'd on men the refuse of the earth,
Devoid of principle, and dead to worth,
On men whose souls unblushingly were given
To every sordid baseness under heaven,
Whose only aim was hoarding-up of pelf,
Whose only care—each caring for himself,
Whose only study, single or combin'd,
Was fraud and imposition on mankind,
Knaves who to swell the profits of their cash
Would pawn their dearest honour for the trash,
Pronounce at every word a shameless lie,
And seal it with an oath, to make ye buy!
Who follow'd interest, heedless what they mar,
Thro' earth and ocean, like a ruling star,
Who robb'd by practice as a thing of course,
Sniting their state to stratagem or force,
Nor held it policy that did not teach
To dupe their neighbour, and to overreach.

Abdallah stood, and silently survey'd
The craft and cunning that polluted trade,
Where fraud was happy, virtue insecure,
The wicked wealthy, and the honest poor;
And mourning much that traffic thus should be
Of every vice the foul epitome,
With just abhorrence from the scene withdrew,
And bade to merchandize a last adieu.

(To be continued.)

THAMES

FLOWS FAR SWEETER THAN THE CLYDE.

I WISH my steps were southward bent,
And turn'd again to love and Thee;
For, doom'd to this drear banishment,
How can my struggling heart be free!

I count the hours, which on their way
For ever seem condemn'd to last ;
How slowly moves the coming day !
How long, how weary was the past !

The lasses shun me, they suppose
My heart is selfish, dull, and cold ;
They little see the flame which glows
For Her whose name is never told ;
They do not hear the sigh which steals
In secret anguish from my breast ;
They cannot know the pang he feels,
Whose woe is to himself repress.

They lead me to the birks so fair,
They lead me to the hawthorn sheen ;
Alas ! the meads, when Thou art there,
And only then, to me are green.
If down the tufted bank I stray,
Which overhangs the western tide,
An inward whisper seems to say,
" Thames flows far sweeter than the Clyde."

Oh ! wilt Thou, when we meet again,
Smile through thy tears of joy, and say,
" I too have borne my share of pain,
And linger'd on through many a day :
Since last thy tears were mix'd with mine,
No glow this blushing cheek has known ;
These eyes have caught no glance since thine,
This breast has heav'd for thee alone."

Haste, haste, ye hours ! if thus we meet,
Ye cannot fly too fast for love :
How dull and leaden are your feet !
How laggard is the pace ye move !
I count the moments on their way,
Which seem condemn'd for aye to last ;
How slow appears the rising day !
How long, how weary was the past !

ANON.

*The following spirited Poem was written by MR. WALTER SCOTT,
to the Air of an old Scottish Pibroch.*

THE GATHERING OF CLAN-CONNELL.

A PIBROCH.

PIBROCH of Donell Dhu,
Pibroch of Donell!

Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Connell:

Come away, come away;

Hark to the summons;

Come in your war array,

Gentles and commons!

Come from deep glen, an'

From mountain so rocky,

The war-pipe and pennon

Are at Inverlocky;

Come every hill-plaid,

And true heart that wears one;

Come every steel-blade,

And strong hand that bears one.

Leave the deer, leave the steer,

Leave nets and barges;

Come with your fighting geer,

Broad-swords and targes;

Leave untended the herd,

The flock without shelter;

Leave the corpse uninterr'd—

The bride at the altar!

Come as the winds come,

When forests are rended,—

Come as the waves come,

When navies are stranded:

Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster,
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come,
 See how they gather;
 Wide waves the eagle-plume
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set!
 Pibroch of Donell Dhu,
 "Now for the onset!"

MORNING.—A FRAGMENT.

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 "See yonder comes the powerful king of day,  
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach  
 Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,  
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,  
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad,  
 And sheds the shining day"——

~~~~~  
 Now the brightly-blushing morn
 With golden hand has swept the lawn,
 The dew-drops glitt'ring on the spray
 Vanish at the orb of day,
 The blithsome lark, with carol sweet,
 Circling mounts his beams to greet,
 And rising in the glare of light
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight;
 And, hark! o'er woodland, dale, and hill,
 Chanticleer with clarion shrill
 Loud from echoing brake to brake
 Bids the slumbering world awake.

Observe the cotter at his toil—
How placid seems his ev'ry smile !
Pleas'd he fells the spreading oak,
Sings and hews, and cracks the joke,
While onward wears the sultry day,
And flashes now the noon-tide ray ;
For, happy in his native fields,
His the bliss contentment yields !
Let grandeur rob'd in all its state
Mock the peasant's humbler fate ;
Can all that pomp and grandeur feel
Such joy bestow, such charms reveal ?
Can flimsy fashion's idle glare
With nature's rural scenes compare,
Those scenes that thrilling thro' the heart
To souls of tenderness impart
That pure delight, that sacred glow
The sons of folly never know ?
'Tis sad to think the ties that bind
Man's comprehensive fertile mind,
Should be degraded as refin'd !
Perhaps some villain's artful tale
From peaceful cot and blossom'd vale
Lures the unsuspecting child
Whose love and loveliness beguil'd
An aged parent's lengthen'd years,
A father's grief, a mother's tears !
Oh ! if there be a crime on earth
That owes to hell its hated birth
'Tis thine Seduction ! hideous name !
Woman's curse, and manhood's shame !—
Perhaps in some secluded cell
Where want, and woe, for ever dwell,
Dishonour'd, ruin'd, and betray'd,
Pines the poor forsaken maid,
While restless round her dying bed
Wailing infants ask for bread !
But see the sun is in the west,
And weary Labour sinks to rest,

}

And soft on valleys, woods, and streams,
 Smile the yellow-fading beams;
 The black'ning clouds are fring'd with gold,
 And all the arched heavens unfold,
 Trembling streaks of vivid fire
 That in one boundless blaze expire!

September 4th, 1817.

HATT.

ON MR. R—T W—E.

If, in the morn of life, each winning grace,
 The converse sweet, the mind-illumin'd face,
 The lively wit that early powers impart,
 And mild affections streaming from the heart,
 If these, lov'd youth, could check the band of fate,
 Thy matchless worth had claim'd a longer date.
 But thou art blest, while thus we heave the sigh,
 Thy death is virtue wafted to the sky,
 Yet still thy image fond affection keeps,
 The sire remembers, and the mother weeps;
 Still the friend grieves, who saw thy virtues bloom,
 And here, sad task, inscribes them on thy tomb.

H. S.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Want of room obliges us to postpone Philander's communication till our next number.

The Stanzas by T. W. C. and Lines by Wm. Lewis, are received.





Miss Brunton.

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